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A POEM.

BOOK the FIRST.

[Price One Shilling.]

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In Two BOOKS.

By J. GRIGG.

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Hail! Son of God, Saviour of Men! thy Name
Shall be the copious Matter of my Song.

MILTON.

LONDON,
Printed for M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-row*.
MDCCXLV.

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PREFACE.

'TIS poſſible ſome may form a condemnatory Sentiment of the following Poem, from what they may term its *Sanctify'd Title-Page*; and ſway'd by ſuch a Sentiment, perhaps they'll not ſo much as turn it over, or, if they do, it will be with a determined Diſlike of whatever enſues. Now 'tis concluded ſuch will finiſh their Peruſal with the ſame Opinion they began it; ſince it would be Vanity unpardonable to ſuppoſe theſe Sheets capable of ſtriking ſuch Minds as theſe: and the moſt that can be preſumed is, that ſuch will meet with Nothing to give them a meaner Opinion of Things ſacred than they entertain'd before. And if this Poem ſhou'd

do

do no Good! God forbid, it ſhou'd do any Harm.

It is indeed confeſs'd, (and the Confeſſion is made without the leaſt degree of Shame) that Scriptural Paſſages are very frequently paraphraſed, and ſometimes almoſt Expreſſions adopted; and it is little to be expected that ſuch as neglect or deſpiſe that moſt divine Book the *Bible*, ſhould be pleaſed with a Poem whoſe Sentiments are all deduced from thence: That Perſon however, muſt be influenced by ſome amazing Prejudice indeed who diſlikes a Sentiment meerly becauſe deduced from the *Bible*. And yet let *Charity*, that believes all favourable Things poſſible, let *Charity* herſelf ſay whether there are none of this amazing Character? and let her ſuggeſt (if ſhe can do it) any thing in Favour of thoſe People who talk ſo bigly of *Nature* as the beneficent Diſcoverer of thoſe Principles which were darted into their *own* Minds by a Divine Revelation? ---- A Revelation which as unnaturally they contemn as *Nature* they adore?

But

But as it is ſuppoſed this Piece will be chiefly read by ſincere *Chriſtians*, ſuch ſure can never be prejudiced againſt it by reading its Title, *The* SAVIOUR. They can never be offended that *Jeſus* ſhou'd be choſen a Subject for Song upon Earth, to whom, as a Saviour, they hope to raiſe their *Hallelujahs* in Heaven and to Eternity.

It may indeed be ſaid (and truly) that better Poems are extant upon the ſame Subject; and all that is here urged in Excuſe is, that every one has ſome peculiar way of inſiſting upon the ſame Theme; and if this Firſt Book meets with any Acceptance, a Second Book is intended.

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The

The SAVIOUR.

A POEM.

BOOK the First.

THE Fruit was tasted, and the Threat fulfill'd.
That Instant struck with Death, tho' ling'ring, sure;
From *Eden*'s Bow'r the dying Pair withdrew
Reluctant; Angel-driv'n; and many a Glance
Stole dreadful back: as fast the Bow'r recedes
As close the flaming Seraph urg'd behind.
To till the Ground their Task; and to perform
With Sweat of Death bedrops their painful Brow:
Soft o'er the rest perchance some Clod may rise,
A Pillow where to dye; and Earth's kind Lap

First yield a Couch, as it muſt yield a Grave.
Such Fate their Race muſt ſhare. And ſhall the Fiend,
Whom Hate to Heav'n with Hate to Man inſpir'd;
The Fiend, that in a Serpent's Form ſeduc'd,
O'er-reach a God, and make Mankind his Prey?

No; e'er in Hell the dreadful Council ſat
On means to find, and ruin Man (ſuch Joy,
If Joy it be, have Spirits, loſt themſelves,
In others Ruin;) e'er their Heav'n they loſt;
Or Seraphs glow'd about th' Eternal's Throne;
Man's Fall was Heav'n-foreknown; his Rife decreed
To more than *Eden* loſt. Such Way has God
Of calling Good from Ill; to give new Beams
To Attributes divinely bright before:
To baffle Hell, and to re-people Heav'n.

The Means were hinted in the Promiſe kind,
The Woman's Seed ſhall bruiſe the Serpent's Heel.

Meſſiah's

Meſſiah's Reign the *Jewiſh* Types foretold,
And Bards Prophetic all his Kingdom ſang:
Iſaiah ſang hiſtorically clear:
Scarce the lov'd *John*, upon his Saviour's Breaſt,
Learnt thence a Secret but the Bard foreknew.
Time's Fullneſs came; the Father's *ſent* appears;
Sent, but yet free; for who can force a God?
O *Bethlem*, honour'd more than *Sinai*'s Mount!
There ſhone the God inſufferably bright,
And Light'ning wrapt, and Thunder peal'd him down:
Scenes fit to ſtrike thoſe daring Sons with Awe!
But Storm was needleſs here; unleſs to burn
Creatures that took up their Creator's Room.
O *Bethlem!* honour'd with his promis'd Birth!
'Twas thine to ſhew God manifeſt in Fleſh.
Wond'rous! that born with Brutes, and born to ſave
Wretches in Heart more brutal far than they!

Kind were the Gifts the Eaſtern Sages brought,
And kind the faithful Star that mark'd their Way.
But the rich Preſents were his own before:
He form'd their Country with its Fruits, and Sons;
Yet with their Maker's Men their Maker pleaſe.
Their weary Steps his Infant Smiles repay.
Shepherds of Angels learnt the wond'rous Tale;
Shepherds with Heav'n hold Intercourſe divine;
By Angels watch'd; as they their Flocks attend:
While deep in Grandeur ſunk, or deep in Down,
The Monarch ſhines, or ſleeps; from Heav'n eſtrang'd;
No Seraph near his Palace or his Couch.
Bleſt rural Life! where humble Swains, content
Thro' Nature's Scenes, like *Enoch*, walk with God.
To Swains like theſe deſcending Angels ſang
The Saviour's Birth-day Ode; perhaps compos'd,
And ſet by *Gabriel*, e'er he left the Sky.

Scenes long-expected roſe; and *Simeon's* Arms
At once embrac'd an Infant, and a God.
"Salvation now has bleſt my Eyes" (he cry'd)
"The *Gentiles'* Light, and *Iſrael's* Glory ſhines;
"Thy Servant now can leave the World in Peace."
His Parents loſe their Child; to Buſ'neſs call'd
By Parent more divine. Let Parents know,
When their's, with Heav'n's Requirement interferes
Neglect is Virtue, and Obedience Guilt.
With Doctors learn'd a Diſputant he ſat:
Diſpute informs, when Meekneſs guides Diſpute.
His Wiſdom ſtruck and poz'd; yet ſtill he grew,
In Wiſdom grew; the lov'd of God and Man.
All, all's fulfill'd that Bards inſpir'd fore-ſung:
Salvation comes, Obſtruction yields it way;
The Vallies riſe, the Mountains fall to Plains;
Pain, Poverty retire; the Sick, the Poor

Are

Are heal'd by thouſands, and by thouſands fed.
Jeſus was born to be to Mortals kind,
Phyſician.—Brother—Friend; but friendly moſt
To Man's immortal Mind: To clear the eye
Struck blind by Sin; and o'er the bleeding Heart
Repentance-wounded, bind the healing Balm:
From Souls enthrall'd (for Satan Souls enthralls,
A Tyrant he, and all his Subjects Slaves)
To break the galling Yoke; or fetter'd faſt
To diſ-enhold; and ſet the dungeon'd free:
To form from Heirs of Wrath to Sons of God,
And train for Kingdoms where their Father dwells.
Beſt Friend that ever dwelt with human Race!
Yet of that Race e'er one be fix'd his Friend,
His Grace muſt conquer whom his Grace invites.
And why his Foes? and why ſo fell? reſolv'd
To give him painful Chace, and hunt him down

To Death? ungen'rous World! with kind Design
He came to give your Sons (not worth his Care)
Life — Bliss immortal, O Heart-striking Thought!
Creator he of Earth, and Brutes, and Men,
Men rentless Tenants of his Globe at Will,
Yet wants he now what Men and Brutes enjoy!
Nature capacious shuts out *Nature's* Lord,
As full without him; and demands his Room.
The Fox can earth, the Bird can nest secure,
But he that made 'em has not where to rest;
Scarce where to lodge with Man his Night of Life,
Tho' Man's repay'd with Heav'n's eternal Day.
Homeless he wanders; but in friendly Quest
Of Mortals stray'd and lost; to seek and save.
Sacred Itinerant! Teacher all divine!
And thousands throng to hear. Ye lifeless *Scribes!*
That like yourselves transform the World you teach;
That let your Hearers dream and freeze; ye *Scribes!*

That

That tamp'ring dim-ey'd Reaſon ſtrike her blind;
And, like fam'd *Oculiſt* of ſhameleſs Brow,
Strait advertiſe the World, "behold She ſees"
Where will ye fall, ye blinded, and ye blind?

Not ſo the Saviour; on the *Mount* he ſtood
Amid th' attentive Crowd: when *Jeſus* ſpake
What Ear could diſattend? as Speakers prove
So prove Aſſemblies, or alive, or dead.
He ſpake as to Immortals; well he knew
Their Souls immortal; ſuch their Souls he made.
The Ice was melted; and each frozen Breaſt
Grew warm: few Fields can boaſt ſuch Meltings now.
What! tho' by Prieſt no conſecrated Mount!
Thy Preſence *Jeſus!* (for a God was there)
And Tears faſt-flowing hallow'd all the Ground.
Pew, Pulpit, Altar-piece, Cathedral, what?
What *Conſecration,* but *Succeſs from Heav'n?*

What

What Place is *holy*, but where Souls are ſo?

He taught to live, and dye; to live the Saint;
And to be more ev'n Saints themſelves muſt dye.
" *Repent*, *Believe*," the gentle Precept ran,
" *Repent*, *Believe*, and God, and Heav'n be thine;"
Power arm'd the Word; without it Doctrine's vain:
Faith rapt the Soul that firſt *Repentance* wrung,
And harden'd *Infidels* grew *Chriſtians* mild.
The *rich*, the *great*, the *Ruler*, and the *Prieſt*,
Did theſe believe? No, Virtue's for the poor;
And Heav'n for them: Gold blocks the heavn'ly Gate,
Too ſtrait before to let the Owner paſs
Big-ſwoln with Pride: eaſier the Camel's Task
To paſs an Atom thro' a Needle's Eye.
Rarely the Prieſt pure Virtue's Path will point;
More rarely ſtill the Path he points will tread.

Few Kings were virtuous then ; few virtuous now.

Great Friend of Souls ! and why invet'rate ſtill
Scribes, *Elders*, *Phariſees*? In Council now
Debating Means to reach thy Life they ſit ;
Chief Preſident the Foe of Man's and thine.
But Plots are needleſs ; needleſs Satan's Aid :
Judas that Friend avow'd, in Heart a Foe,
Shall act the Fiend ; and him they hate betray ;
To Hands betray that murd'rous mean his Blood.
Say mean Diſſembler ! impious Traitor ſay !
Was *Jeſus* ought but might engage, allure ?
And claim Returns of Gratitude and Love ?
On human Friendſhip who ſhall dare depend ?
Friendſhip but feign'd is worſe than Hate profeſs'd.
From Supper forth he ſpeeds (we thank thee Lord !
Thy laſt Command our chearful Hearts obey :
We taſt the broken *Bread*, the ſtreaming *Wine*,

Fit

Fit *Symbols* of a broken, bleeding Lord;
And in our Mem'ries eternize thy Love.)
And with the Council ſtrikes the Bargain ſure—
Sure! but how mean! a little paultry Duſt
The Saviour buys; and with a Saviour ſold
Judas is bought; juſt Property of Hell.
A goodly Price! for him that form'd the Globe
With all its Mines! for him that kindly came
With more than Earth thro' all its Mines can boaſt
To pay the Ranſom of a Captive-World!

Its well-known Viſitant the *Mount* receiv'd;
The wonted *Mount* where Jeſus oft withdrew
From Scenes of publick Life; to converſe free
With Heav'n: Retirement ſuits Devotion beſt.
With what an Ardency of Soul he pray'd!
Yet how to Heav'n that ardent Soul reſign'd!
To pray be ours, and Lord! like thine our Prayers,

Alike if answer'd or refus'd content,
And "*Heav'ns good Will be done*" conclude 'em all:
Heav'n's Will is best tho' it may thwart our own.
But on that dreadful, agonizing Night
What forc'd thro' ev'ry Pore the Tide of Life,
And bath'd him all in Crimson? O! ye Saints
Rejoice and tremble; 'twas the mighty Load
Of all your Guilt: and thine my Soul was there.
Such Weight had mortal Shoulder ne'er sustain'd,
Nor *Jesus* with assistant-Angel by
Meer Creatures both! had e'er sustain'd such Weight;
And Manhood panted, bow'd, and reel'd beneath it.
O Thought of Torture! And such Guilt was mine?
O Thought of Rapture! Did a Saviour bear it?
Or did some Vision, horrid represent
Cross, Nails, lamenting Friends, and jeering Foes?
A frowning Father? Not lamenting Friend
Nor jeering Foe wound like a Father's Frowns.

If

If both, or neither, ſtill one Truth is ſure,
Dire was the Agony, and felt for Man.

But ſee! what thickning Multitudes approach
Arm'd as for Murder! *Judas* leads 'em on.
Once back they fell; perhaps he look'd 'em dead:
His Smiles can ſave; and when he frowns he ſlays.
And why in Arms ye Wolves? the Lamb you ſeek
Will neither fight nor fly; but yield your Prey.
And *Jeſus!* why not ſmite the Mob to Hell?
Or thoſe that urg'd 'em on? Mobs ſpare or kill,
A *Shield*, or *Sword* as their Inſpirers pleaſe:
This thine own Arm cou'd do; or at thy Beck
Legions of Angels ſhou'd be order'd down,
And Heav'n ſtand empty 'till its Lord was Victor.—
Raſh Thought, and vain! on kinder Purpoſe bent
Not born for War his Errand was to dye.
Hail Maſter, (with a Kiſs) the Traitor cry'd,

And

And Soldiers ſeize, and off their Charge convey.
And not one Effort to repell the Foe?
Yes; ever forward in his Maſter's Cauſe
Peter muſt ſtrike who will receive the Blow:
The blow by Heav'n directed *Malchus* felt;
The Servant ſuffer'd, the Maſter heal'd his Ear:
All is not Judgment ev'n to Foes of Heav'n.

Led to the Palace mock'd and try'd, he ſtands;
By Men he made their Maker mock'd and try'd!
The reſt are fled; and where's this Son of Zeal?
Peter that Hero, or in Arms, or Grace?
He lags afar; to Court a ſtranger ſtrolls;
Mingles with Servants, and enquires the News.
"What means the Tumult? How the Priſ'ner fares?
"Condemn'd, or clear'd?" ſuch Queries coſt him dear;
His Speech betrays him, and he's tax'd a *Friend*
A *Friend* to whom? to *Jeſus*: 'tis deny'd.

"The

" The Man I know not." Thrice the Lye was told
With Oaths and Passion; Passion's Fraud's Disguise.
But hark! the feather'd Monitor begins;
Peter! that Voice shall thro' thy Mem'ry strike
A deadly Sting: and see! thy Master looks;
That Look is eloquent; and thus it preach'd.
" Not know me *Peter*? is not this the Eye
" That watch'd thee walking on the boist'rous Wave?
" And this the Arm that sav'd thee sinking *Peter*?
" And hast thou then forgot? so soon forgot
" Thy Master's Warning, and thy wondrous Vow?
" *Yes*" " *No*" on *Peter*'s varying Brow, by Turns
Sat silent; " Yes, thine Eye, thine Arm, the Wave
" I recollect." — " *No*, to my dying Day
" Shall ne'er forget that Vow; but move thine Eye,
" Or change to Love's kind Smile, that angry Frown:
" Thy Look my Saviour never pain'd before,
" But Look so stern thy Servant cannot bear.

Such

Such, such is mortal Man; in Promise prompt,
Slack to perform; we read our Guilt in both.
Say! wou'd'ſt thou watch in ſtrong Temptation's Hou
Then watch in all. So preaches *Peter's* Fall.

Judas! thy Lord's condemn'd; O! to recall
A Deed that's paſt and get him unbetray'd!
Vain Wiſh! the Price return'd, and Guilt confeſt
Will not re-buy him, nor that Guilt attone.
O! Wretch by God abandon'd, and by Man!
(Treaſon diſclos'd meets univerſal Scorn.)
Reflection-wounded with a thouſand Stings!
Where wilt thou fly for one poor Moment's Eaſe?
Fly where thou wil't Thyſelf thou can'ſt not fly:
Self is the Torment of a thouſand Hells.—
How vain that Penitence that turns Deſpair!
Death wilt thou try? Experiment ſtill vain!
When live he dares not who wou'd dare to dye?

No

No Cure by Death, but worse than worst Disease.

O, *Suicide!* vile Trait'ress to thy Sons,
Thy Boast is Heav'n, on a reposing Grave,
But all the Change is Hell for Hell of Hell.
And why will Man his *Bad* for *Worse* exchange?
The *Present* may, *Hereafter* cannot mend.
On Satan's Realm Salvation never smil'd,
Nor Hope it will; Earth yet is blest with both:
What Crime so great but Grace may save us still?
It sav'd a *Magdalen*, it sav'd a *Paul*.
Pilate, be warn'd; tho' not for Rule design'd,
The Wife may Counsel give as well as take;
Her Dream was Angel-hinted; she repeats
The Call of Heav'n; "O! *Pilate*, hear and live."
The Mob that "Crucify" eternal roar,
Roar but as Priest-instructed! Priests beware!
When wrong you lead a People's Guilt is yours,
And wilt thou, *Pilate*, quench their burning Rage

With Blood? with guiltless Blood? the Guilt is thine;
Guilt stains not Bodies, but it stains the Mind;
Vain is thy Wash, thou art an *Ethiop* still;
A thousand Seas could never wash thee clean;
Jesus must wash, or thou art stain'd for ever.
And have the Skies no chosen Curse in Store
For Foes like these? a Saviour's cauſeleſs Foes?
(Peculiar Crimes peculiar Vengeance claim)
They have, — and impious *Jews* demand it down
On their own Heads; and imprecate their Race.
Yes, impious *Jews!* that Wiſh is heard; the Skies
(What greater Curſe) ſhall all that Wiſh fulfil.
The Race is curſt, and ſtill the Skies are juſt;
That ſtubborn Race their Fathers Deeds approve,
And naturalize their Guilt. So blind is Man
He takes his Bane for Antidote; implores
That Heav'n wou'd curſe him; deprecates his Bliſs.
For once let *Chriſtians* learn the Truth from *Jews*;

When

When Mortals err, and erring ask amiſs
Refus'd is Mercy, Judgment anſwer'd Pray'r.
Yet ſure, if ſacred Page we conſtrue right
And *Chriſtian* Pray'rs can ought avail on high,
That ſtubborn Race ſhall bow, believe, and turn
The Friends of *Jeſus:* Lord! thy Kingdom come,
And *Jew* and *Gentile* fill it! —— ſpeed the Day,

And ſhall *Barabbas* prove the Man preferr'd?
And no kind Friend to beg the Saviour off?
Virtue's true Zeal is Reaſon Grace inſpir'd;
Her falſe, is Folly, and ſtruck mad with Vice.
Each thinks his Tenet right, ſtrike it who will,
Tho' Heav'n itſelf the juſt Oppoſer join,
Heav'ns Foe and your's you deem the Heretick,
And Thieves themſelves are innocent to him.
O! when will Man unprejudice his Mind?
And, Truth be what ſhe will invite her in?

Sceptred,

Scepter'd, and crown'd, the Reed and Thorn he bore
Mock-Royalty! and with a bending Knee
Deriſion toſs'd the Head, and hail'd him King.
Why did not *Jeſus* act the Monarch real?
(For Monarch real he was) and force 'em all
To yeild his Subjects, or to fall his Foes;
That Brow was worthy of a brighter Crown
Than *Sheba's* Queen beheld on *David's* Son.
(For what is *David's* Son to *David's* Lord?
And *David's* Lord was here) that Hand might graſp
An iron Rod; or launch the Thunderbolt
To ſtrike Deriders dead: and why forborn
The righteous Blow? who diſbelieve ſhould feel,
And Wrath conſume where Mercy fails to melt.
So thought not Heaven; how mild is Heav'n to Man!
Jeſus was born to be the Prince of Peace,
And News ſo peaceful *Olive* never told.

The Croſs was rear'd but ſuch a tragick Scene
That Throne of Death, *Mount-Calv'ry* never ſaw.
From each pierc'd Hand and Foot did ev'ry Nail
Send Pangs of Death to the great Suff'rer's Heart.
Why ſprung he not from the tormenting Tree
As bold Blaſphemers bid? not to convince
But crush; and bind to worſe than tort'ring Croſs,
Their guilty Souls; Such power was his and more.
What can convince determin'd Infidels?
Jeſus! and will thy Father too withdraw?
His Smiles withdraw? when Smiles wou'd moſt conſole
His dying Son? this forc'd th' endearing Claim
"My God! my God!" and this the plaintive "Why?---
So, when a Cloud thy ſmiling Face conceals
Lord! for a Faith may ſtill inſure thee *mine*!

On dying *Jeſus* Sinners look, and live;
In Life beneficent, in Death he's more:

Raiſe

Raise your best Wishes; to his Father's Throne
He'll bear 'em safe, and send their Answers down.
Hark! in that Voice there's all the Force of Death;
Heart spent with Agony he bows,—he dyes.
Conflict adieu! his Kingdom hails him home;
O! with yon' dying Thief to meet him there!
The Sun himself might teach a Saviour's Foes;
With Heart relentless and with eager Eyes
They saw him breath his last who gave them breath:
The Sun (if Darkness could new Horror give
To Scenes before so horrid) clos'd his eye
(Happy not clos'd for ever) when he dy'd
That gave him strength to run, and Beams to shine.
Ev'n Stars were more humane than murd'rous Man,
And shone as Torches to his funeral.
Weep! weep! ye Saints; let Sorrow roll its Sea;
What monstrous Evil! Evil infinite
Has Guilt that cost the Son of God so dear!

Yet

Yet is that Guilt atton'd: let Saint's weep on,
But Tears of Grief be turn'd to Tears of Joy!
Mercy and Juſtice mingle Beam with Beam
The more illuſtrious each; O! Scheme divine!
A God of Pardon, and a God that's juſt!
And for a Saviour's Sake a Sinner ſav'd!

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